









# Tyros Roring Megge.

Planted against the walles of  
Melancholy.

*One Booke cut into two  
Decads.*

*Vno die consenui.*

*George Steevens.*



At London  
Printed by Valentine  
Simmes.

1598.





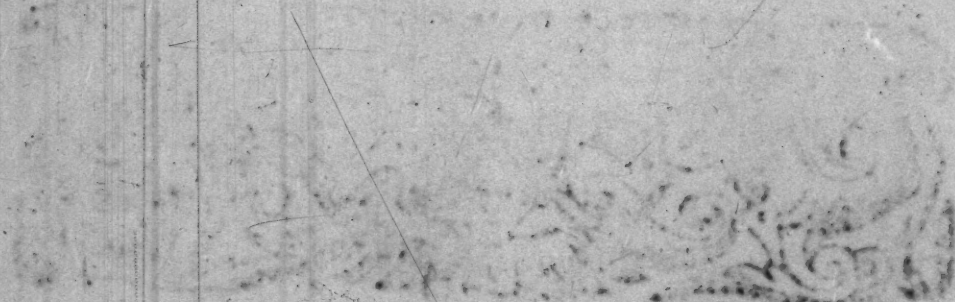
THE FIRST ROMAN

ALFRED

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Printed by Valentine

London.

1836





To the worshipfull and true  
Gentleman Maister Iohn  
Lucas, Eternitie.

**D**Eigne (gentle Sir) to cast a willing eie  
Vpon the issue of an idle braine:  
Once (though an Eagle) stoupe vnto a Flie,  
Then scorn such preis, & soare aloft againe.  
Great oddes betweene the Mowse and Lion be,  
And yet the Mowse as much a beast as he.

Hope lifts me vp vpon her snowie wings,  
Chearing my thoughts with fortunate euent:  
Feare pulles me downe, and whispers out such things,  
As curb my ioyes, and make me mal-content:  
Saying, the bird that seemes a Swanne by night,  
Will prooue a wild-goose set against the light.

Naithlesse, prickt on with foolish hardiment,  
I put into those gracious handes of thine  
These looser numbers: fitter to be rent,  
Or swept away, like deft Arachnes twine,  
Than to be read: yet (deereſt) liſt a while  
Vnto thy Tyros Democriticke ſtile.



## To the curteous Reader.

**Q***Uocunque aspicio, nihil est nisi Pontus, & aër.*  
*I turne round about, and can see nothing but greefe.*  
*Cœlum vndiq̃, & vndiq̃ Pontus.*

*Here, and there, and euerie where, Dowlands Lachrymæ.*

I was altogether terrestriall, or rather melancholicke, or rather sadnesse it self in the *Abstract*. A friend of mine perceiu'd it, and told me I was in my winding sheete, vnlesse I droue out one contray by another. Resolu'd to be the grater that should chafe the sad humour to crums, I became *Sub-sizer*, to *Democritus*, being well content to be no longer mal-content. The light-hearted gardian sent me such *Adsums*, that on a sudden I began to looke like a Queene-apple, and my wit was so leiger, that I could no sooner call for a conceit, but incontinent it would answere like a Knaue-tapster, *anon, anon*. In this veyne I composed these *Epigrammes*, which I request may be taken in good gree, and read when thou art lazie. Blame me not too bitterly, for mispending a little time: and consider that learned Poets haue, for recreation, wrought vpon worse subiects. I say nothing of *Misacmos*, who descended from *Ela* to the *Base Keys* that open the Priuie doore. Wel: be as good to vs as you may, and farewell.

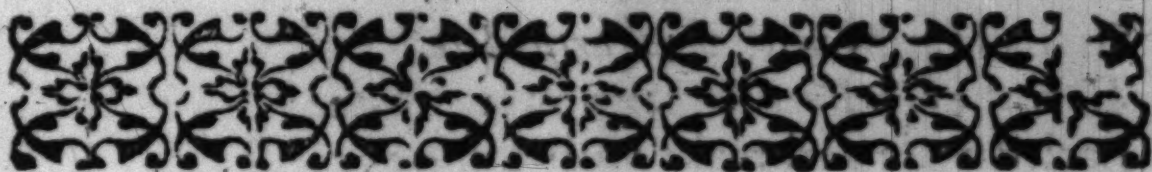
*Thise while he hath any radicall moysture,*

T. Tyro.



## In Zoilistam.

HE makes each mote a mount, and keepes in store  
A brazen penne to dash at this and that:  
Yet doth this currish censor see no more,  
Than the mashapen Owle, or doubtfull Bat.  
O let the man that carpes without a cause,  
Be caught himselfe in *Momus* griping Clawes.



Recentibus } *Salem,* } & *Salutem*  
                  } *Plurimum.* }

ABsurd. Let *Heraclyte* do nought but crie,  
And put his raw-bond finger in his eie.  
Laugh ye: let earthie melancholie parte:  
It's *Aqua fortis* to a merrie heart.  
Can all your *Logick* prooue that matter good,  
That fills the mother-veyn with sickly bloud?  
Salt not so much your tender bosomes frets,  
As do the humours thrilling greefe begets.  
What is the reason why your faces beene  
So neare a kinne to *Wakefield on the greene*?  
Is't not, for that you do so seldome smile,  
Ne with blithe matters winter nights beguile?  
Is't not, because you sit in darke some nookes,  
And reade such Vengeable and puling bookes?  
Go then, my rimes, with dimples in your cheekes,



## Tyros roaring Megge.

And chide them that they are so greene as leekes,  
Be ye as working pilles to purge their paine,  
And make them cleare complectiond once againe.  
Say for theyr sakes your maister tooke in hond,  
(Being tyed their friend with Adamantin bond)  
With sun-shine iest t' expell their rotten fogges,  
And make them dapper like pale-yellow frogges.  
O ye no *Tyrants*, but of *Tyros* crew,  
Beate not my crouching meeters blacke and blew,  
O let your *Substances* be well content  
For to support this feeble *Accident*.  
So shall I pray with *voyce articulate*,  
That the *drie Barrell* may you euer hate.  
Each day Ile perbreake wishes more or lesse,  
That ye may oft be *seniors of your messe*.  
If not : and if my chickens fare not well,  
Which are but newly crept forth of the shell:  
By the *fine predicables* I protest,  
That who writes nought at all, does write the best.

Your *matriculated* cozen and fast friend  
Winter and Summer.

T. Tyro.



## Decad I.

Epig. I.

THE *Sunnes* proude courfers, hauing rest their fill,  
Curuetted stately vp the *Easterne* hill.

The



## Tyros Roring Megge.

The flowring fieldes each creature did content,  
VVith motly coate, and goodly blandishment.  
The cheerefull larke sang prick-song in the aire,  
And yonger sheepe skipt on the face of care.  
Wel mought I walke, for why me thought it sinne,  
Not to perke forth my head, but keepe it in.  
Strange thing: scarce had I well a furlong gone,  
Whenas, mee seemd, I heard a pitteous mone:  
Ay me, 't was one wrapt in a bead-mans gowne,  
Whose gesture shewd him freshely come to towne.  
Small labour lost, quoth I, to list a while  
To this poore gowne-mans lamentable stile.  
He spake: I listen'd. Lucklesse lad, said he,  
That am inforst this dismall day to see:  
Shall I that wont to make my bellie cracke,  
Stay here and loose the flesh from of my backe?  
Rather then Tyro such a change will brooke,  
Out at the *Ropers window* will he looke.  
I inly greende to heare him plaine his harmes,  
When he infolded *Daves crosse* in his armes:  
And, the warme humor drizzling downe his face,  
Bade it adew, and forthwith trudg'd apace.  
I, like a thiefe that had in ambush line,  
Did bid him *Stand*, and go with me and dine.  
Such dinner was lesse easie to digest,  
Then greasie brewis swimming in the brest.  
He thought, poore soule, no harme: I, like a king,  
Strait led him to his *Tutor* in a string.  
VVhere the graue *Agent* did his part so play,  
That since his *Patient* neuer ranne away.  
Had he escape, he had felt mickle losse.  
For *Tumbling stone* nere gather's *cleaving mosse*.  
He is a friend, albe he seeme a foe,  
That serues all nimble-footed fresh-men so.



# Tyros roaring Megge.

Epig. 2.

**L**O, he the boy, whose mouth whilom did lug  
The flauered milke from out his mothers dug:  
Is now exalt to vnderferued hap,  
And walkes in *Garment milde*, and circled *Cap*.  
And strouting it along the vnkowne street,  
With some fantasticke *Ramist* doth he meet:  
Who can him greet and welcome him full faire  
All lowting low: and nodding like a mare  
That ore her bridle waggēs her wanton head,  
Pincht with the hungrie flies thereon bespread,  
He thus can say.

**V**elcome to *Athens*, gentle yonger brother:  
Thou maist, ere long, be comfort to thy mother,  
And to thy dad, and to thy grandfire too,  
It thou attend the wordes I shall thee shew.  
Be wist, and warie of that prating sect  
Which striues 'gainst *Ramus*, lest it thee infect.  
For tidy *Peter* like a pritty primmer,  
May well be learned ere thou go to dinner.  
Hee's pithie, deep, succinct, methodicall,  
A *Cornucopie*, a volume all in all.  
But *Aristotle* is a ridling *Sphinx*,  
A riuer poysonous to him that drinks.  
Hee's blunt, vnpolisht, tedious, harsh, obscure,  
Fraught with vile stuffe, and sentences impure:  
The childe is tourn'd, and claps him on the backe,  
And sweares, that *Ramus* foes shall go to racke:  
Making (forfooth) a sad and solemne vow,  
That he will reuerence the *golden Bough*.  
When *Boyes* in age, or wit haue said their fill,  
Old *Organon* must be best *Logike* still.

Ep. 3



# Tyros roaring Megge

## Epig. 3.

**V**Vhat though *Albertus* be a merry man,  
May I not take the floure, and leaue the bran?  
Let him be baudie (as he is indeed)  
May I not choose the flower, and scorne the weed?  
What though vnseemly secrets he disclose,  
May I not hide mine eyes, and stop my nose?  
*Great All-beard*, rough with thy luxurious hide,  
Ile be thy scholer whatsoe're betide.  
Ile be *Acute*, and *Grane*, and *Circumflex*  
In the deepe dealings of the *female sex*.  
And yet I will not. What? shall *Tyro* be  
A Prentice to the trade of midwiferie?  
Hence bolde bad *Albert*, pleasing baite of sinne,  
Bellowes of lust to him that reades therein.  
I would not for a pecke of *Tagus* sand,  
My Tutour had espyed thee in my hand.  
I rest thy foe, deferring thy damnation,  
But till I make a *Theame* or *Declamation*.

## Epig. 4

**O** grosse! O monstrous! fie, *Tom Tiro*, fie:  
Giue thy king *Edwards* shilling for a pie,  
And then transport it to thy den alone,  
And chop it up, and giue thy fellowes none?  
What? spoile a *Neats-foote*, and a marrow-bon,  
And neuer call thy next *Vcalegon*?  
Fie that thy greedy-wormed tong is such;  
Fie that thy chopping kniues can mince so much.  
Art thou a *Milo*, or *Philoxenus*,  
That art so sturdie and delicious?

B

ThHar-



## *Tyros roaring Megge.*

Th' *Harpie* would not snatch so greedily,  
Whose talons were of great capacity.  
How can thy noddle choose but be so dull,  
When capon-like thy maw is cramd so full?  
Right well I wot thou maist haue lighter hart;  
If this thou leaue, and learne to *size a part*.

*Epig. 5.*

**V** What is he vnder heauens inammeld vault,  
That liueth spotlesse, and deuoid of fault?  
Where is the soule contain'd in bricke wall  
That standes so firmly that she cannot fall?  
*Venus* was debonaire, and beauties grace,  
And yet a mole lay sleeping on her face.  
Faire are the sphears wherein the Planets bin,  
And yet colde *Saturne* claimes a place therein.  
No meruaile then though *Tyro* haue some blot,  
Sith perfect vertue fals to no mans lot.  
*Tyro* can strike the fitterns siluer string,  
And to the lute full many a dittie sing.  
*Tyro* can act and if he like the *Stage*,  
Hop like a Bull-finch in a Barbers cage.  
Yet when he solde his *Alien* at the stall,  
Had not the villaine almost sham'd vs all?  
Would not the drowsie dormouse haue bin hang'd,  
That slept till ten a clocke and then was *Stang'd*?  
Of faults! no faultes, but trickes of gentle kinde,  
And *Proper adiuncts* to a youthfull minde.

*Epig. 6*

**H**O: weepe rose-water, spit tart viniger:  
*Tyro* is waxt a ruffling *Caualiere*.

Mount



## *Tyros Roring Megge.*

Mount vp ye mil-stōes: heauens come kille your centres  
*Tyro* can strike a die starke dead, and enter.  
Ye toothlesse sheepe, go teare your howling foes:  
*Tyro* is ietting in his *Bag-pipe* hose.  
*Xanthus*, good *Xanthus*, turne thy posting streamer  
*Tyro* annoynts his nose with clowted creame,  
The drunken colour thence away to wipe,  
Bred with the fumes of the *Tabacco pipe*.  
*Natures* whole workemanship, forsake thy kinde:  
*Tyros* round breeches haue a cliffe behinde:  
And that same perking *Longitude* before,  
Which for a pin-case antique plowmen wore,  
Nor hath he siluer faces in his purse,  
On this superfluous trumpry to disburse:  
Nor hath he skill in *Magickes* damned spell,  
To raise some golden diuell out of hell.  
But who the man that treads on licourd shooe,  
Or could beleue, or dreame that this was true:  
*Tyro* was wont to leade so staid a life,  
That sage *Sobrietie* was thought his wife.  
The gracelesse gallant with the crisped lockes,  
Was worse to him than any nine-hold stockes.  
The painted paper, and the swearing die,  
Were ghastly *Night-crowes* to his single cie.  
The *witherd leafe* that is in such request  
He would not ken, but did the name detest.  
His Slops were spruce, and stucke so neare the skin  
That one might hardly part them with a pin.  
*Tyro* decayes in good, but thrives in ill:  
Prowde as a *Beacon* on a Forrest hill.



# Tyros Roring Megge.

Epig. 7.

**L**ooke how a *Horfeleeche*, or back-biting flea,  
Sticks to the skinne, ne can be got away,  
Vntill her panch be tympanized so.  
That she must either burst, or else crie who:  
So bookish *Tyro* cleaves vnto his tunne,  
Vntill his houre-glasse be twelue times runne,  
And till his *Common sence*, and *Phantasie*,  
And *Understanding part* yglutted bee:  
Two yoke of Oxen and a mare before,  
Can hardly draw him to his studie dore.  
I dare auerre he felt no sweete-breatht aire,  
Since the *Red Bull* drew weights at *Starbridge faire*.  
Lo what it is that makes him languish still,  
Like a crow-troden hen that makes her will.  
Lo here the proper cause as I suppose,  
Why wormes digge parsnips in his dugged nose.  
Faith, *Tyro*, you and I must plucke a crow,  
If you go on to spoyle your carcasle so.

Epig. 8.

**T***yro* by chance did reade, that *Generation*  
Was the sole finall cause of *Augmentation*.  
Eftsoones he shooke the hand with single life,  
And set his wit on renters for a wife.  
He tooke his quill, and pend this kindly plaint,  
Vnto a mincing minion fine, and daint.  
O thou *Eclipticke tyne*, wherein the sunne  
Of my felicitie doth dayly runne:  
Eye-pleasing obiekt, hannie-suckle sweete,  
*Tyro* thy vassall tumbles at thy feete:

He



## Tyros Roring Megge.

He a *Leander*, readie for thy sake,  
To passe an *Hellepont* of paine and ake,  
Be thou a *Hero* standing on the shore  
With open armes, and claspe him more and more.  
Thou shalt perceiue, 'so be thy loue be wonne,  
I am not *Snow* to melt against the sunne.  
My bleered eyes shall steepe themselues in teares,  
Till some milde answer ventilate my feares.  
Ah, dearest *Nymph*, some light-foote lackie send  
With white, and blacke, to giue me life, or end.  
Roses are in thy lips, O hellish smart,  
If angrie nettles grow vpon thy heart.  
Farewell thou prettie *Mop*, and me remember,  
Written in haste the twentieth of *December*,  
About the dinner houre of Eleuen,

1597

Tyro, thy *Delphicke sword* til Crowes be old,  
Til *Ister* be luke-warme, and *Ganges* cold.

### Epig. 9.

SHee read and writ, *I did my selfe much wrong*,  
To view the weeping accents of thy song.  
Thy lines the foes that sought my Fort to win,  
Mine eyes the traytours that haue let them in.  
Tyro, my all in all : alacke, how can  
Seely weake virgin chuse but loue a man?  
Nor can drie tinder stony fire withstand,  
Nor straw the ieat, nor I thy faire demaund.  
But, bonny Boy, the pillar of my ioy.  
How canst thou shunne thy imminent annoy?  
All wert thou *Homer*, famous Poets pride,  
And th' *Heliconian Ladies* by thy side:  
Yet, sith thou want'st the worlds pale-colour'd *Queen*,



## Tyros Roring Megge.

I may not haue my kind affection seene.  
Adde *wealth* to wit, for, if thou faile in this,  
We must not bathe our selues in *Salmacis*:  
That I am forst to ring this heauie knell,  
I can but greeue, and so I shall. *Farewell.*

### Epig. 10.

THE lad replide: *Were I an Alcumist,*  
Earths yellow excrement should fill thy fist.  
Base-minded thing, shall asses trapt in gold  
Haue free access, while I the candle hold?  
O tree! O blocke! O stone, if still I stand,  
And see my nosegay worne in clownish hand.  
What lacke? *Anon sir.* Saddle me my nag,  
*New-Market* heath affoords a man a bag:  
My *Atalanta* will runne on too fast,  
Vnlesse some *Golden Apples* I her cast.  
No, maiden, no, my liuer's not so hot,  
As to compell me loue, if you loue not.  
And yet (regardlesse of thy selfe and me,)  
How darst thou marre so sweete a symphonie?  
Say truely, am I a *Sardanapale*?  
Thou knowst thy seeming vertues were my stale.  
No *Night-flie* I, to dallie in the flame,  
Til I be scorcht, and shamefully fall lame.  
The more thy sinne to shew thy selfe vniust  
To him, whose kindnes was no kinne to lust.  
In vaine I champe the bit: no *Ouids* art,  
No *Nestors* tongue can riue thy flintie heart.  
Then sinke thou, swim thou, liue, or die, all's one,  
Who would be yokt, when he may liue alone?  
Be wed to home-spunne russet coate, or blew,  
To both, to neither, what care I? *Adew.*

*Decad*



# Tyros roaring Megge

## Decad 2.

### Epig. 1.

**A** Threed-bare prouerbe, *Youth must haue a swing,*  
For greener age flies with a wanton wing.  
It was the sober season of the yeare,  
When *Pisces* and *Aquarius* dominiere,  
It's cleaped *Lent*. *Tom Tyros* itching legges  
Aduertise him to take his leaue of egges,  
And get him flesh. The rake-hell strain'd his wit,  
To compasse rost meate for the naked spit.  
He gat him gone vnto a neighbour towne,  
To see what pullen stragled vp and downe:  
He went a thousand paces long and tall,  
Ere he could spie one *bird Domesticall*:  
At last he cast his eye vpon a gander,  
That from his fellowes new began to wander:  
He threw, and hat, and made a deadly hole,  
In the true keeper of the *Capitole*.  
An old old Beldame plodded there along,  
Whose teeth did waggle faster then her tongue:  
He ranne, she followed with a yelling sound,  
And rucked vp her dirtie sauegard round.  
But *Tyro* floated on the beaten way,  
Like a swift vessell on the yeelding sea:  
She faire and softly walkt in pausing moode,  
And tract the felon by the Ganders blood.  
The ruddie sunne forsooke our *Hemispheare*,

When



## *Tyros roaring Megge.*

When she the wilie fox approached neere.  
The new-faln droppes led this olde bloud-hound hie;  
To an out-chamber, where she did espie &c.  
The heauie accidents that then befell  
My merry Muse may not abide to tell.  
Yet thus much : Tyro stampd, and fret, and swore,  
Neuer to prey on foolish goose-flesh more.

### *Epig. 2.*

**T**yro the dastard needs would learne to swim;  
Yet durst he not come nie the rivers brim.  
He saw the tempting grauell through the cleere,  
And yet he trembled like the heartles deere.  
Pleasure a spur, and Danger was a reyne,  
That prickt him forward, this did him deteyne.  
But goodly well anon he can deuise  
To checke himselfe for shamefull cowardize.  
Crauen, he saies, pluck vp thy fainting heart:  
Albe thou want renowned *Digbies* art,  
Or swift *Palemons* matchles facultie,  
Yet mayest thou wade withouten ieopardie.  
O minde degenerate, what needst thou feare?  
Proud *Thamis* dashing sourses are not heere;  
False-harted lad, go cut the cristall waue,  
*Fortune is with them that stout courage haue.*  
He laide him downe, and gan to be so bolde,  
As feele the water whether hot, or colde:  
Whether his head went first, the truth to tell,  
I weene not certainly, but in he fel'.  
Let not the foote my tender shin-bon punch,  
Whose dayly burthen gaue so loud a lunch.  
Was neuer liuing eye saw finer tree,  
His head the roote, his legges the branches bee.

But



## *Tyros roaring Megge.*

But the milde streame was loath to let him die,  
And set him on his ten toes by and by.  
He hid his chilling bare, and home he went,  
And lay bed-ridden till sixe weekes were spent,  
Since when he wisht the reason might be found,  
How chance diue-dappers liue so long vndrownd.

### *Epig. 3.*

**B**Vt ah, what meant I to forbear this while,  
To tell of *Tyros* Steeple-climbing stile?  
Had sweete-lipt *Tully* flaunting *Tyro* scene,  
*Cratippus* had not his sonnes Tutor beene:  
Had mightie *Philip* knowne this wittie elfe,  
*Platos* great scholler might haue hang'd himselfe.  
The greater beare, and the still-standing light  
He can demonstrate in a winter night.  
And yet (I blush) three loaues of horses bread  
Set bolt-vpright, are leuell with his head.  
Time was when he that did the credite win,  
Had store of excrement vpon his chin.  
Now he that looketh with a visage graue,  
Is hight a blocke, a stocke, a knaue, a slaue.  
Time was, (and then it was the time of ioyes,)  
When men were men, and prating lads were boies.

### *Epig. 4*

**A***Ll white, all white:* T'was roisde amidst the streetes,  
That lechers two stood vp in sinfull sheets.  
When *Tyro* knew the tydings to be stale,  
He vp and told this prettie Poets tale.  
*Iunos* lewd Husband sleeping in the night,  
Begot a diuell that *Agdistis* hight.

C

This



## Tyros roaring Megge.

This beastly barne was an *Hermaphrodite*,  
And not his fellow-diuelles fauourite.  
Wherefore the hel-hounds menaced amaine,  
To prune the worthier member of the twaine.  
The deede made good the word: without delay  
They cut it off, and threw it quite away.  
The needelesse part (forsooth) was presently  
Transmewd into a fruitfull Almon-tree.  
Heer's all. If leachers might such haruest reape,  
Then *Almon-butter* would be better cheape.

### Epig. 5.

THE Lap-wing, when her nest is nothing neere,  
Deludes the boy, and cries, *Its here, its here:*  
So Tyro. *Deest fortasse quippiam.*

### Epig. 6.

Merry it was, when Tyro in a throng,  
I hus praysed *Cherilus* for skill in song.  
Well sang the *Birds* that neuer sings amisse,  
*The Vocall musicke most delightfull is.*  
When *Cherils* throate is swild with butterd beare,  
He *Syren-like* inchaunts the tune-full eare.  
Nay further, hee's the *Nightingale* alone,  
That sings a *Triple*, or a three to one.  
At large or long he will not come behinde,  
So he may rest, for feare he loose his wind.  
He can be breefe, ne thinks he it a crime  
To sing a *common song* in minym time.  
*Cherils* estate has bene at, ha now, ha,  
Ere since he vsde *ut, re, mi, fa, so, la.*

Epig



# Tyros Roring Megge.

Epig. 7.

**V**V Hen Tyro sawe faire pictur'd in a booke  
The gilt-hornd hart that swift *Alcides* tooke,  
He tolde the standers by, he would not rest,  
Vntill he caught a *Swallow* (in her nest.)

Epig. 8.

**T**He wilfull Papist could not Syllogize,  
Yet, in his owne conceit, he only wise,  
A very verbal youth, yet, like a man,  
He magnified his father *Cumpian*.  
Then Tyro thus.  
Not *Bellarmino* the prim-rose of your sect,  
With all his *Sophistrie* can me infect,  
Nor *Stapleton*, that goodly branch of thyme,  
Whereon the *Roman* bees delight to clime.  
Sir boy : know that my gall doth grate for teen,  
That thy poore shankes with *Ringes* molested been.  
*Rings* with a vengeance, for they cry *clinke, clincke*,  
Yet when they come toth' brooke, they wil not drinke.  
Now by *Saint Tan* thy tortled rings do shew  
That olden Poets sober sawes be trew.  
For why, beneath thy knees cast but an eye,  
And there our *Iron Age* thou shalt espie.  
Blamst thou thy rings ? thou doest them wrong I wis:  
*A Circle the most perfect figure is.*  
If by a right lyne thou doe downward slide,  
And the *Tyburnian Triangle* diuide,  
The *Maxime* will prooue sound. Wel, firrah, mend,  
And saue your selfe from such a doggish end.



# Tyros roaring Megge.

Epig. 9.

A noble Student had a hauke at mew,  
And Robin *Falc'ner* for a weeke or two  
Must needs be absent: so the bird must die.  
It *Tyro* looke not to her carefully.  
The wagge was loth, yet daring not say no,  
He saide, good *Robin*, tell me, ere thou go,  
What diet she does vse: now welaway,  
Whether worms, or curdes be best I cannot say.  
The *Faulc'ner* smil'd, and askt him if he iested,  
And giuing *Cut* the rowell, him requested  
To giue each meale a pigeon all but bones.  
And pepper her, and see shee want no stones.  
He gon, *Tom Tyro* looked all about,  
And seeing nought but trees, these wordes burst out.  
*Stones? pepper? pigeons? pigeons? pepper? stones?*  
*Faulcones* six dishes, and I liue with bones?  
Study, bookes, papers, turne you al in one:  
Who buyes all *Tally*? take it: He be gone.  
Yet ere I iournie He go see the *Kyte*:  
Come, come bird, come: pox on you, can you mute?  
I now conuaie my selte incontinent  
To th shambles for this vermins nourishment.  
Butcher, and freind: I pray thee let me see  
A *Bull*, or *Tup*, or *Oxe-calf* presently,  
And cut his *hangers* off: *peppen* and these  
The only fare that will a *Faulcon* please.  
Wo, ho: fall too: no *pigeons* can be gon,  
But I haue bought thee better meate I wot.  
Eate lesser bittes, for, if your hauke ship choke,  
My gowne and twelue pence for an honest cloke.

Epig. 10.



# Tyros Roring Megge.

Epig. 10

**M**ounting *Elpenor* had a simple fall,  
His braines were onely dasht against a wall.  
And *Icarus* that hieaspiring slaue,  
Had but his corps sowne in a water-graue.  
*Tyro*, a word: lift not thy chinne so hie:  
Tis shame that thy pen-featherd Muse should flie.  
Were I as dumbe as a *Seryphian* frogge,  
My signes should tell what doth my stomacke clogge.  
Rather than at thy foolerie Ile winke,  
My nose shall be my penne, the droppings inke.

*Finis.*

*Sunt, & sunt inuria tanti?*

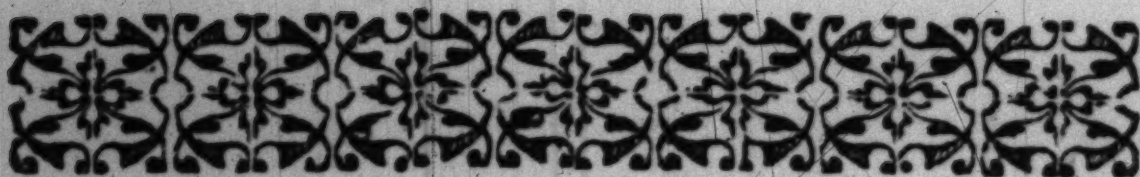
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## *To the Reader.*

**M**ishapen does mishapen stand,  
And craues *Correction* at thy hand.  
In the *Inuective* 'gainst the Daw  
That makes a mil-post of a straw,  
At the fourth line, is to be scene  
The *Beast*: and so, God saue the *Queene*.





# Tyronis Epistolæ:

*Siue*

*Mus rampant in agro aureo.*

Liber vnus in duas Decades  
partitus.

*Capilli curis semicani.*



Londini,  
Ex Officina Valentini Sims.

1598.



*Expectato ad amplissimam dignitatem  
adolescenti, Iohanni Lucas,  
Æternitatem.*



*Egia ales defessa (generosissime adolescens)  
erecta stat: & cape augecit, decrescente solis  
sorore. Ego, tametsi nomine duntaxat felix,  
curam expuo. Non sum Vranoscopus ut sine  
corde vivere possim. En tibi meras nugas, te-  
stem huiusce rei locupletem. Maximo te oro  
operare ut illas dextra manu accipias. Quid nisi vota supersunt?  
Deus det qua velis.*

*T. T.*

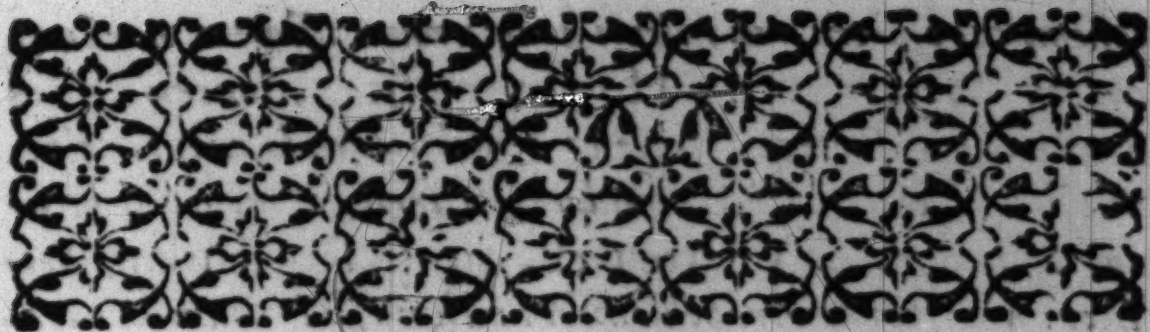


*Moroso Lectori.*



*Abes à nobis Epistolas (vir candidissime, idemq,  
doctissime) mea quidem sententia, calamistratas  
satis, atque elegantes. Pol, tu non minima in  
parte apud me harebis, si talibus sententijs, apo-  
thegmatib; q; letabere. Valet, mementoq; ve-  
neris verbi, Legendis authoribus proficis.*





## Decad 1.

### Epistola prima.

Patri Salutem.

**I**ntelligo ex tuis literis (mi genitor) esse qua ex me solo scitari vis. Nihil autem ardentius concupiscis, quam ut Athanarum nostrarum mores quasi vivido penicillo depingerem. Difficile quidem est, & arduum quod petis, cum nondum sex septimana abierint, ex quibus earum factus sum inquilinus (absit arrogantia nota) inutilis. Et tamen in spem certissimam venio, me aliqua ex parte tibi satisfacturum. Academiam nostram putavi stultus ego oppido vestro similem. Atqui non satis illam novi qualis fuit. Scin' crucem in cimiterio? Illam pagum vestrum: templum, nostram Alu'arum sedem putato. Haftenus de externis: nunc de ijs quae ad ventris victum conducunt. Nec cygnus, quamvis albus sine nigredine: nec Collegium nostrum, quamvis clarum, sine nubecula. Nam, pro deorum fidem! quenquamne hominem posse sine nutrimento vitam tolerare? Campana evocat ad prandium: quantum possum, festino: sto, sedeo: singulis momentis in praedam inhio. Oculos conijcio in famis alumnos, Subfizatores, venientes, & abientes. Rogito, eho, tu: Amicis optulare: atque ille responderet, Alienis abstine. Colligo me quoad possum; spe sola vivo. Affertur tandem patina. Ecce autem

D

(tre



## Tyron. Epist.

(tremisco referens) macilenti agnelli minutissimam morsum-  
culam. Sperans montes Hogniagogicos, inuenio colles  
Sophistico. Exemplo palleo, dentibus frendo, caput scalpo,  
mussito. Observat sophista quidam, accurrit, & obturbat ineptus  
disputator: ait Ventrem esse capitis sepulchrum. Sci-  
licet: non ignorat versipellis mihi tantum esse logicam natura-  
lem. Triumphat, salem inspergit in nos recentes fungos: a-  
rundineum argumentum iactat. Tunc ego, homo minimè ma-  
lus, hoc unum dico, quod nihil dico. Confero me ad museo-  
lum, singultio, lamento. Senat tertia: itur ad merend. m.;  
per obstantem turbam erumpitur. Promus panem porrigit  
miseris modis truncum. Ego impendio ad iram proclivior, sta-  
tim expono quam largam possideo conuiciorum supellectilem.  
Mox, subeunte animum miserecordia, hominem appello in  
hec ferè verba. Crudelis seruale, siccine innocentem pulne-  
ras? ubi (inquam) excelsa, & humilis crusta? Frustra. Quod  
ego te per Deum oro (mi parens) ut mittas Pernam? Illam tuus  
musculus pulchrè innudet. Furiosè mehercule in illam inuola-  
bo, cibabo me opipare, atq; opptebo largiter. Polliceor, mea fide,  
me contubernales meos non accersituros: (nihil enim opus est:  
ultrò accurrent, & respondebunt non vocati.) Quod si Sui-  
le nimia caritas apud vos sit, te unum hoc rogatum velim  
maximo opere, ut magna vis Butyri ad me deferatur. Etenim,  
me indice,

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit ova butyro.

Sed, ut sensi, extra gyrum nostra diuertit oratio: lora igitur  
attraho. Quaeso à te, ut tum fratres, tum sorores meo nomine,  
ac verbis, salutes. Aniam verò præter ceteras, quam ego  
in foci fumoso angulo in scamno sedentem videre videor. Per-  
gratū etiam feceris, si Monoculum meum Tabellarium huma-  
nissime tractaueris. Diu te tueatur is, qui est Totum quod  
vides, & quod non vides, totum.

Epist.



# Tyron. Epist.

## Epistola secunda.

Eidem.

**E**uge o mi pater, ut tuas literas dissuaniabar cupide. Argenti aduentus multo enim mihi est gratissimus. Rueret pecunia mea non potest, ut non ipse etiam labefactus, concidam. Mi pater: à me omnia summa in te officia profectura expecta, neque fallam opinionem tuam. Ingentes ago gratias pro Capone: tutori medius-fidius lenidense munusculum non videbitur. Facile tamen probatum est, cacaphagum illam esse, & imperfectum animal. Mi pater: non dubium est quin tibi ornamento sim futurus, & mihimet, & natis,

Et natis natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis.

Ego logicam scientiam supra quam dici potest celeriter arripui. Quæ, Ca, vel Hyp, intellexim? Omnis W est X, Omnis T est W: Ergo omnis T est X. Quid? an nondum etiam ne hoc quidem? Incumbo sanè toto pectore ad laudem, ac gloriam, à summo manè, usque ad multam noctem. Neque verò se fugere volo, me, cum Rhetorem ago, auditorum animos Syrenum suauitate demulcere. Non verborum audacia exultans: non proclamo diducto victu, atque ore hinc: ita loquor ipse, ut ambrosia alendus videar. Huc accedit quòd pœsis meæ tygrides facit consistere. Cuius rei exemplum habe tibi versus hos, quos nuper, diuino spiritu afflatus, in laudem composui Tittlemanni.

Artem si Logicam disces, lege Tittlemannum:

Ille sophistarum crimina pandere vult.

Gnauus si vis tales libros voluere nunc, tunc

Tu pauper pueros ritè docere queas.

Ex rostra aquilam. Cum etatis huius ornamentum Spenserius morte erit extinctus, Regina nostra vult mittere pro me, forsitan. Si istiusmodi epistolas consolatorias rariùs acceperis, puta id esse causæ, quòd sim gravibus negocijs implicatus. Deus tibi semper omnia optata adferat.



# Tyron. Epist.

Epistola tertia.  
Matri Salutem.

**S**Itu (mea genitrix) vales, bene est: ego quidem egroto.  
Ille ego, qui non ita pridem, sibi ipse fui, et nunc contractus,  
deslorum prorsus, atque emarcui. Grauius hoc dixit qui mul-  
ta leniter, Forma bonum fragile est. Caput meum, grane  
est: nasus tineosus: labra prominentia: maxus scabroja: to-  
tum corpus languidum, effatum, & quasi laterna Pu-  
nica, pellucidum. Heu, quid agam, (mea causa procreans &  
conseruans?) Virum chyagra, vel podagra, vel spasma, vel  
apoplexia laborem, non est facile statuere. Urinam, nuper  
reseruabam: ad Galenum nostrum veniebam, consilium expe-  
iens. Ille tristis, & difficilis, rogitat, Cur? quare? unde? quor-  
sum? num? nunquid? Vbi illum audio tonantem, vocat terri-  
bili, censet vllum verbum me posse proloqui? Ille instat, e-  
go mutio. E vestigio me extrudit, clamat, Amolire hinc te o-  
cyus, aselle, trunce, dedecus tui collegij. Quid iam primum  
(mea parens) exequar? Atat: non curo ego medicum,  
quando ille non me: sperno pharmaca, calco cataporia. Sola su-  
es, qua sum hac in re adiutrix esse queas. Est locus in terra  
que Lancastria appellatur: hem! illic est morbi caput, ac origo.  
Nosti Annam, bellatulam illam? Deos quaeso ut sit superstes.  
Aut ego falsus sum, aut forma laude Venerem, superat ip-  
sam. Nullus sum, nullus sum, ni facias, & efficias qui detur  
mihi. Virginitatem dilando: ceterum, De duobus bonis, maius  
est eligendum. Vxor iuventutem alit, senectutem non dimi-  
nuit, pernoctat nobiscum, ac peregrinatur. Fac me, oro, sci-  
entem continuo, quid hac in re faciendum censes. Atque au-  
dis? Verbum vnum caue patri de amore, ne ad morbum hoc  
eriam.

Sit tibi cura mei: sit tibi cura tui.

Epist.



# Tyron. Epist.

Epistola quarta.

Fratri Salutem.

**P**Reposterum habeo tabellarium: cum à me discedit solidum  
flagitat: cum redit autem, ne denarium quidem affert: sed  
non urgeo. Nomen ego commutavi meum, & Sophista sio ex  
Recentiore. Pluvia non cadit è cælo (sicut vicarius vester af-  
firmabat) guttatim destillat è media aeris regione. Vin' descri-  
bam animam? Anima est idipsum quod anima mea: nimi-  
rum, Totà in toto me, & tota in qualibet parte mei. Eequid me  
amas de subtilitate istac? O frater, frater, vin' explicem comæ-  
diam? Comædia est multitudo igneorum meteororum, in infi-  
ma aeris regione apparere solitorum. Alias. Comædia est ca-  
teræ iuuentutis magnanimatorum, fustem dextra, facem altera  
manus tenentium, quorum vestes colore sunt Thaumantis filie,  
que

Mille trahit rarios, aduerso sole, colores.

Ne multa, Comædia est semita quadam, compendiaria ad  
Pronunciationem, partem Rhetoricæ artis laudatissimam. Ba-  
be! quis credere posset? Sardanapalus, & Hellogabalus fue-  
runt homines: (quorum ille libidinosus, hic gulosus: ille labo-  
ravit ad conservandam Speciem, hic ad conservandum Indi-  
viduum: utrique fuit magna Vis expulsiua) O te felicem  
ter, & amplius, qui germanum habeas subtilem sic, ut vel  
Dunum ipsum possit laqueo sophistico irretitum tenere. Non  
vacat pluribus tecum agere, cui precor omnem felicitatem.

Epistola quinta.

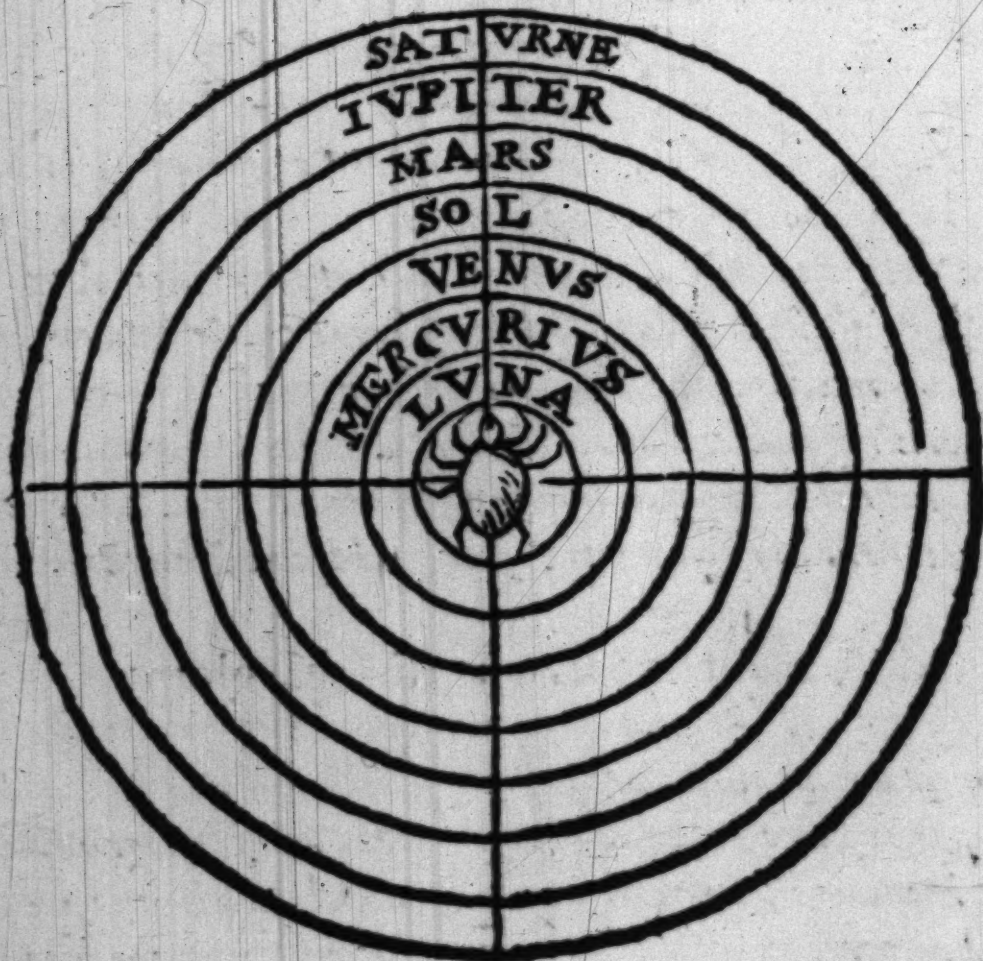
Eidem Salutem.

**O**Zonam torridam! ô ambos tropicos! ô præclarum Ptole-  
mæum. Ego lector Mathematicus, (nam non desunt mihi  
sedula turba recentes) orbes cælestes adeo lucide delineabo, ut,



# Tyron. Epist.

*si non perceperis quid velim, absq̃, omni sensu insanies. Procurre ad horreum: ubi limen praterieris, ito ad leuam: albos atolle oculos: aspicias Araneam vel in centro sedentem, vel orbiculari operi manibus, pedibusq̃, incumbentem. En figuram.*



*Potin' tu fidem adhibere? Quamvis harum stellarum vagabundarum terra vincit magnitudinem. Sed, ut omnia medio illo Planeta clariora fiant, animadversione dignum erit, Omnem Circulum esse infinitum. Ergo si tibi in mentem venerit annulum amicae tuae donare, inscriptionem hanc (me authore) addas, Amor meus circularis. Sum quidem Iuuenis labore indefesso. Nam, quem dies videt veniens stertentem, hunc dies videt fugiens legentem. Adoritur nuper me quidam odiosè argutus Sophista, in hunc modum: Pallefcis, Tyro, Ergo vel amas, vel studes. Subridens dixi, Amo studium. Bene vale.*

Epistola.



# Tyron. Epist.

Epistola sexta.

Amicæ salutem.

Anna soror, soror Anna, quid est quod spernis amantem?  
Deamavi te (ita me tu) iamdiu perditè.

Et, si quid facio iunc quoque quæris, amo.

Tu mea rosa, tu rosmaris: tu mea Venus limpidissima. Parturit mater tua, et nata est corusca flamma, qua ego infelix illum incendor. Sic ego vertor in cineres, te homine interea sospite. O crudelis Anna, nihil Tyronem tuum curas? Perigi mulier esse? Nil miserrere moribundi? Per nitidos illos ocellos tuos, per labella purpurea, per marmoream capitis columnam, per teretes denique digitos obtestor, duram tuam mentem exuas: ne committas ut suspiria mea sensus tuos prætervolent. O Cytharea, tuque, puerque, tuus spectatissimum iuvenem spoliastis, vulnerastis, trucidastis. Eheu, ubi sum? ubi? ubi? nescio. Amor ingenium mihi omne ex animo expectorat. Ah Anna mollis, & tamen rigida: calida, & tamen frigida: tu homo Adamantina me hominem Ferreum ad te attraxisti. Ne nega: convincam enim si inficiabere. Abi in rem malam, Naso, cum isto tuo versiculo,

Vix erit è multis quæ neget una tibi.

Quamdiu ego speravi miser? & iam nil habeo nisi spem meram. Edepol ne, nos Narcissi egregijs faciebus, æquè sumus omnes inuisi puellis propter pauculos fuscas, & deformes. Fallor? an animula mea me Microcosmum vocat? Incertus animum huc illuc voluo. Annuis? Semidens sum: si non, Epitaphium hoc sepulchro meo incidi volo.

Quis iacet hic? Tyro. Cur ille? Necatus ab Anna,  
Anna, cuius amor faciliè reuocaret ab Orco.

Ut cumque mecum erit, bene sit (mi ignis) tibi.

Episto-



# Tyron. Epist.

## Epistola septima.

Anna Tyroni.

**A** Deon' ex mei amore demens es factus, Tyro? Siccine efflo-  
elim togatam togate deperis? Putàram Palladem esse in-  
nubam, & Pierides virgines. Scitè fortunatus ille, Vxorem  
nunquam habui. Vir meus es? nascentur filij: tuq; in qua-  
rundo vitam conteres. Interim (bone vir) studebis probè. Eis  
age (floscule mi) amor tuus mihi est cordi: cordi? Audi nunc  
iam: secum presens absens sum. Mi perfector, vale.

## Epistola octava.

Tyro Annæ.

**I**n fronte epistolæ tuæ December es: in calce Aprilis. Leo,  
ut Martius, ingrederis: placida onis egrederis. Meritò  
igitur amor meus alitur, crescit, ac corroboratur. Libuit sic  
præfari: iam argumenta tua discutio.

Minerva & Mulæ utrum Cupido albus, an ater sit  
nesciant,

Ergo

Occidunt se togati qui animos ad amorem appel-  
lunt.

Muliebris hercle ratiuncula, cuius ego cerebrum una,  
eademq; leniculi distinctione dispergam. Quilibet homo infor-  
matur ab Anima rationali, quæ quidem vim Sensitivam in se  
includit. Respectu illius divinæ facultatis, rogati semper sunt in-  
ter libros: respectu verò huius, ingenuè fateor consummationem  
illos appetere. Nec iniuria. Nam, ne minutissimam animalcus-  
læm



## Tyron. Epist.

*dum sine tactu consistere potest. Pergis. Scitè fortunatus ille, Vxorem nunquam habui. O callidam mortalem! ô ingenium metuendum! sed respondeo. Habuit uxorem, & non habuit. Anno enim quinto, & sexagesimo, annum decrepitâ duxit. Viden quàm infirmis fundamentis inniteris? Quamobrem prorsus ab hac heresi opinionem tuam esse amotam volo. Sunt quæ in aurem tuam, die Veneris insusurrabo. Pullastra mea, Vale.*

### Epistola nona.

#### Ruffioni Salutem.

**H**E us tu, qui Vulcanum naso inclusum geris: quanti tibi Tobacco stetit? Equidem pro necessitudine, quam tecum habui à puero, non possum quin cupiam in viam ut redeas. Quid? An felicitatem ponis in Evaporatione? Quasi verò nunquam viderim sonipedem fumum è naribus efflantem. Ignis ex ore (tanquam *Ætna*) eiacularis: concedo. Generosus igitur: nego, & pernego. Pressius agam. Dicito, sodes, quid sibi vult proluxa illa casaries? Iuro tibi nos abundare tonsoribus. Quilibet est in habitu. Elige qui te leuet illo onere (si onus id est appellandum, quod cum voluptate feras.) An clam te est Crinitas stellas ferè aliquid mali predicere? Nisi verè tuus essem, te tum audacter non monuissem. Da operam ut ipse valeas animo, si me vis valere.



# Tyron. Epist.

## Epistola decima.

Philomacho sanam mentem.

**P**rob Minoris armiger! prob Bellona bellicosa. Menē timidam, & fugacem vocari? S. no, atq; fero, atq; patior. Siquidem, quae regio in terris tua non plena fortitudinis? An quisquam Antipodum ignorat quantum tu Marte feroci, atq; acie vales? Na tu is es in quem verē accidit Terentianum illud, Denique, metuebant omnes iam me. Stomocharis, pro-nocas, clamitas, Ad arma, ad arma. Apage sis (cubitalis Pig-mae) sic Canibus catulos similes. Deterge gladium, qui totus rubet ferrugine: tunc I praesequar. Sequar perq; libenter, efficiamq; ut Corpus tuum organicum non habeat vitam in potentia: saltem ut liguli solvantur, sanguisque erumpat  
in artibus.

Valeto, iactabunde, valere.



# Tyron. Epist.



## Decas 2.

Epistola prima.  
Philoclono iudicium.



In verò, verbero? Philosophorum Heclorem (mastigia) iuvenum carnificem vocas? Obstupescis. Alij quidem Platonis discipulum appellant: alij caliginosum: qui durius Stagaritam: qui gravissime, sophistam: carnificem prater te, nemo. Moderator hoc intelligit: tu tamen viuis: viuis? imò verò in Scholas venis, putida sophismata effutis, illoto ore garris. Hem, (inepte puerule, & mi, elle pupe) responde huic ratiocinationi.

Quod habet crura thymo plena, apis est:

Tu habes crura fimo plena,

Ergo tu es fucus.

Quid negas? Piscis es ergo, non fucus? An elinguis etiam Veromandus? Tentabo. Comparata sunt quæ inter se comparantur: horribilis definitio. Dialectica est ars bene discerendi: Quid opus est bene? Imò quid hac appendice Eodèq; sensu logica dicta est? Dic amabo, anime mi, mi Philoclone, annon amputanda quæ redundant? Supernuacaneum esse liquido probò.

Quod neque ad indagandum, neque disponendum argumentum conducit, illud (tanquam ciuis inutilis) è Logica ciuitate est exterminandum.

Atqui clausula illa est eiusmodi, Ergo.



## Tyron. Epist.

Si in ipso libelli vestibulo tam insignia offendo vitia: quid de medio (in quo consistit virtus) quid de fine sperare possim? *надавро, надавро, Lex Iustitia possum scire ubi tu vitam degis? Ah nimis verum est illud, Terras Astraea reliquit. I nunc, miselle, Ramum tuum cole, Aristotelis, oculatissimi viri, candidum nomen denigra. Sed plura quam decreueram. De magistri tui Scholijs propediem coram consabulabimur. Vale, atq; timida mente circumspice. Nam, si te apprehendero, faciam ut cum dentibus linguam excrees.*

### Epistola secunda.

Cuidam olim condiscipulo suo.

**N**unciatum mihi est, te non pingue quoddam sonare, sed ita purè loqui, ut Latine solus videare. Papa! Nondum quatuor anni sunt, cum is eras, in quem quidvis earum rerum conveniebat quæ sunt dicta in plumbeum, & caudicem. Rogatus olim à ludimagistro (memini enim, semperq; meminero) quomodo Latine diceres, *My father clipt Mæpe: respondisti tu, Pater meus tondebat naues. Ille subiratus, quasiuit quomodo hoc: I haue gathered flowers out of Terence, tu autem sic, Collegi menstrua ex Terentio. Nonne tunc tibi opus fuit sacculo? Cum autem asseruisti Candelabrum dictum esse à candelâ, & labris, quia muliercula solent pinguere Labra Candelis, nonne præbuiisti bellam materiem ad ridendum? Attita iam in te est eloquentia, atq; in labris lepus habitat: lachrymo gaudio. Perge elegans, & limatus esse: perge rem proprijs aptiq; verbis explicare. Id quod facilius assequere, si in Tullianis eris scriptis studiosè & multum volutatus. Vale.*

### Epistola tertia.

Eidem.

**R**usticulus es: hoc me male habet. Dum enim rogam sumpseris, philosophaster es non philosophus. Idcirco restat ut  
miseria



## Tyron. Epist.

miseras tuas commenteris, obnixeq; contendas, ut quàmprimum in Academicorum numerum cooptari queas. Interim Maronem lectita: sitq; Tullius in sinu semper, & complexu tuo. Accipe quo semper finitur epistola verbo.

### Epistola quarta. Cognato suo Salutem.

**H**Eu, hoi, (alter ego) superasne & vesceris aura?  
*Vereor enim ut potes sine me spiritum ducere. Insistenti mihi epistolam benè longam exarare, tutor aurem vellit, iussitq; breuitati studere. Pro me pernoctet epistola tecum. Tu velim imprimis cures ut valeas.*

### Epistola quinta. Eidem.

**E**nimvero (mi tu) nihil nisi amor sum. O Narde, Narde, quid nite egregiè diligam, qui omnia tibi postputaris esse præ meo commodo? Sum quod eram, eroq; quod sum,

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus. Viden' quàm repentè poëta prodeo? An, obsecro mitte me: nolo in soluta oratione quasi tabernaculum vite meæ collocare. Euax! volo agere rem seriam tecum. An nondum est ex te aliquis qui appellet patrem?

*Per mihi mirum sanè videtur te tandem esse solinagum. Atque, homo verecundans;*

Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia noris?  
*Utinam, Iunone secunda, vxorcula tibi esset: Utinam (parce precor) spes civitatis in cunis vagiens. Vide quàm non à vulgari meo stylo abhorream, tametsi acerba plura nemini unquàm oblata esse credo. Quanta quanta angustia mea sunt, unum tamen curo hoc quidem, ut me non planè deseram. Quid quod planè diuino me citò inde emerfurum? Quam ego horam si videro, complures hilares sumemus dies. Vale, mea amanitas, vale, vale, & salve.*



# Tyron. Epist.

## Epistola sexta.

Lau. Wil. suo.

**I** Tanè tandem queso est, perfide, ut te mei obliuio ceperit? Anno enim Platonico sum suauissimis tuis literis frustra-  
tus. Unum, hoc scio me meritum esse ut me in germani fratris  
loco diligeres. Etenim, dum simul viximus, Heliotropium ego,  
tu Sol meus extitisti. Tecum circumactus sum, & quocunque  
te verteris, eodem flecti cacumen. Nocte autem, hoc est, ab-  
sente te, tanquam desiderio tui, florem contraho,

Rorem meo, lachrymisque meis ieiunia pascens.

Si tibi vel minima erit adulationis suspicio, insignem mihi  
iniuriam offeres. Iusiurandum do, Gnatonicos, me infra om-  
nes homines infimos putare. Siquid est, in quo tu operam requi-  
ras meam, fac periculum num idem sit Tyro qui semper fue-  
rim. Delatum est ad me, te penè esse à Musis auersum. Ita  
me amant superi, ut nihil iam multis diebus accidit, cui aures  
meas prius dederim. Obsecro (ecule mi) nolito prudens,  
sciensq; perire. Satieta in literis nihil periculosius. Acce-  
lera, accelera, & ad literariam nostram rempublicam aduo-  
la. Si secus apud te statuis, fama tua male consulis. Nihil no-  
uarum rerum habeo, nisi quod crassi quidam, & amusi homun-  
culi, laudem mihi, siqua est, detrahant: nullumq; non moue-  
ant lapidem quo noceant. Profectò id genus hominum est pessi-  
mum, quod ex Musca plusquam Elephantum facit. Sed quid  
incassum? Cur Curetes, Coribantes, & sycophantas curem  
impudentes? Fac planè ut valeas (amice singularis, atque op-  
time) sicq; tibi persuadeas, sic sentias, nihil literis tuis mihi fere  
acceptius.

## Episto. septima.

Eidem.

**C**ras, quibus circumvallor, grauissimas, in sinum tuum  
(lux mea) libenter depono. Capitalis illa pestis Panperies,  
me



# Tyron. Epist.

me pessundat. Quam quidem consueor iure obtigisse, quando-  
quidem nunquam consulai in longitudinem. Calcei mei sunt  
pleni rimarum, hac, atque illac perfluunt. Caliga interiores  
scatent nitentibus oris: quam vereor ne non procul absint eo-  
rum Parentes. Quos ego, si sensero esse nimis familiares, un-  
guibus utriusque pollicis coniunctis, morti misero. Indusium  
meum est lacerum, & diuisibile in semper diuisibilia. O me  
miserum! ô me afflictum. Pater omnem de me eiecit animum  
patris. Quodnam ob facinus? Dicetur. Absumens magnam  
pecuniam in germanas gerras, literas ad illum dedi mendacium-  
culis aspersas, quibus incendi eum, nuncq; vtor iratissimo.

Pro. { Item pro pullis, 5. ss. }  
scripsi ego  
{ Item pro pileis, 5. ss. }

Pro { Item pro artocreis, 6. ss. 8. d. }  
scripsi ego  
{ Item pro ocreis, 6. ss. 8. d. }

Iamq; aut ultra Sauromatas fugiendum est, aut vite cur-  
sus alio renocandus. Salue igitur, Saturne, fons melancholice:  
saluete virtutes leniores. Certum est generosi alicuius adoles-  
centuli tutelam in me recipere. Ah, quid dixi facturum me?  
O crux, crux, utinam tu mihi sis sepulchrum potius quidem  
quam sim instrumentum animatum. Vah, grauedinosi, se-  
mi homines, lapides denique sunt, qui sedent aperto capite, infra  
salutem. Anxius vivo, & dubius moriar ni tu (spes mea) se-  
dulo facias ne ego perditus perdar. Non queo reliqua scribere  
(sic iaceo in lachrymis, ac sordibus) ne tu etiam corrumpas o-  
culos. Vale, & me, ut facis, ama.

Epist.



# Tyron. Epist.

Epistola octava.

Ken. Hau. Salutem.

*Q*uid putem? sepe tuumne te? An utilitatem solam amicitiam nostram conglutinasse? Annon tantum est ab re tua otij tibi, ut syllabam, vel literulam mittas? Quot lepores in Atho, tot suspitiones in animo meo pascuntur. Euge autem, rem teneo. Curas seminarium reipublica: sic, dum alis familiam, negligis familiarem. Nec tamen est cur ita suspicer. Nam, si ut olim, in tenebricoso musaeo, tanquam vespertilio, latitas, non credo te Veneris pullum ex Noctua factum. Ceterum facile adduci possum ut credam te in amicitia refrigescere, temporisque longinquitatem affectum tuum extinxisse. O animum varium, commutabilem, multiplicem, flexibilem, denium: vix, ah, vix possum temperare à conuicio. Sum te quidem breui aestu ire mea absumpturus, ni eam epistola aliqua blanda, pureque fluenti, sedaueris. Quid ego? quid agitur? Studetur, ambulatur. Iuvat aspicere lanigerum gregem, smaragdinum gramen tondentem: pastorem cani officiosissimo imperantem, fuscam vaccam agros altis mugitibus implentem. Neque verò in iucundum est agricolam contemplari colentem, aut stercorantem. Sic, o sic animum, curis intentum, relaxare soleo. Comædijs valedixi, nec me applico ad studium Musicum. Sunt qui tragædias nobis excitare conantur: Et, non tutum est agere in scena gestum, spectantibus Roscijs. Pedagogus tu. O virum sedulum, dignumque, qui in nostro oppido situs fuisses. Precor, ut tibi res feliciter incœpta, felicissime succedat. Ve tuis discipulis, qui quotidie sentiant Ternarium numerum esse perfectissimum. Laurentio nostro plurimam ex me salutem dices. Fac va letudini inservias.

Epist.



# Tyron. Epist.

## Epistola nona.

Gravissimo cuidam viro.

**M**Vnſieur, innocuis orte parentibus:  
Sunt, sunt, qui nequeunt carmina scribere:  
Atqui versiculos ecce tibi meos  
Limatos, nitidos: nonne ego sum arrogans?  
Sum certè, fateor: Gloria calcar est.  
Transcendens sine te non ego noueram:  
Porro, non speciem, non Genus, Accidens,  
Non Formam, aut Proprium. Tu deus es mee  
Fortuna: O utinam Virgilius forem,  
Pol, latè pietas sparsa foret tua.  
At nostra (heu) tenera est musula. Iam vale.

## Epistola decima.

Idem Eidem.

**E**N tibi carmen, insigne officij mei testimonium. pom,  
Quaquam te iam annum auscultantem (Marce) Cratip-  
Atque id Athenis, Philosophum decet esse profundum,  
Egregium propter nomen doctori, & urbis,  
Quorum hac te exemplis, doctrinis augeat ille:  
Ut tamen ad nostram non parua commoditatem,  
Semp̃r coniunxi cum Graecis ipse Latina,  
Id tibi item statuo (iunior Tulli) faciendum.  
Vale.

## Conclusio.

**S**Icq̃ opus exegi: quod si legisse, laboris  
Non piget, euge, facis pulchra me prole parentem.

F

FINIS.







# The meane in Spending:

Promising

Prayse,	{ to the {	Liberall,
Pittie,		Prodigall,
Mischiefe,		Conetous.

*Præstat esse Prometheus quam Epimetheus.*



At London  
Printed by Valentine  
Simmes.

1598.



The means in

proceeding

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## *The meane in Spending.*



O Delphicke oracle is truer than that *Maxime*, The hardest thinges been of greatest value. Wherefore *Aristotle* the great, doth easily win credit to his bookes *de Anima*, by foretelling the difficultie of the intended subiect. Now, of all things vnder the heauens holownes, nought is attained with lesse facilitie than vertue: which is so inestimable a gemme, that the dainty sandes of *Pactolus*, the golden bowels of *Guiana*, nay, the perfect irrelenting *Diamond* by comparison will become odious. The reason why she is so deerely bought is perspicuous: for that there are millions of wayes to euill, and poore one to goodnes. So then, it must needs be praisably done, to hit the clout in a fiede, the punch in a butte, the centre in a circumference. If the morall Scholler wil sit in Vertues triumphing chariot, he must be a *Phæbus*, and make his wilde affections treade the right path: lest if *Phaëton*-like he giue them head, they forthwith carry him to the *Lion*, and *Bull*: to the *Bow*, and *Scorpion*, to one vgly vice or other. It is much to come acquainted with vertue in generall, but especially with that gentlemanly habit *beneficence*: whose praises no wight can expresse, though hee runne diuision vpon them halfe a yeare together. The very name of her is *Doricall Musicke* to a good care: but (alas) not one



## The meane in Spending.

of many that by shooting short, or ouer doth not lose her. The l-ying of father *Chremes* to his selfe-vexing neighbour will sute with the most,

*Vehemens in utramq; partem, Menedeme, es nimis,  
Aut largitate nimia, aut parsimonia.*

But, lest I be holden a vagabond, I betake me to method. First I describe the bounteous man: then I point out the most direct, and compendious way to his vertue. Some such order I obserue in the extreames.

He is the liberall man that bestowes his precious mettall vppon such persons, and matters as is behoonefull, in such sort, and time as he ought.

*That bestowes.]* For it is the property of vertue, rather to giue than receiue. It is also more difficult.

*Vppon such persons.]* For euery *Synon* that hath *Oro misere laborum tantorum* in his mouth, doth not taste of his mercy. Hee regardeth not the parasiticall kisser, & soothing table-friend, who seemes to gratifie him with faire demeanure, when indeed he is a *Melampus*, a *Pamphagus*, and a deuourer of his substance.

He abhorres the vn-sufferable, execrable, and reprobate Iester; knowing him to be the diuels quail-pipe, that calles gentils to their bane.

As for the passiue wench with the loches qualitie, he may not brooke her: and why? He is sure shee will go proud, when she goes proud: and cause both purse and body to be soone exhaust.

No, no, he considers that *Bonnie* and *Iustice* are two louing twins, that alwaies walke hande in hande. Hee takes a view of the maners of his relative, of his affection, of his laudable partes, rewarding him most freely whom hee findeth most vertuous. Againe, his purse is preset where there is most need. He is the *Zephirus* that breathes on the widow, orphan, and foure-footed criples,  
and



## *The meane in spending.*

and on the true Souldier maimed in defence of our common mother.

Above al, he is gracious to the learned sisters (whom antique Poets most truely feigned to be *virgins*, so easily are they wronged and misused of this graceles age.)

Concerning expences vppon liueles *subiects*, he is warie and prouident: prouiding alwaies that he maintaine his credit; imitating *Nature*, which abideth neither defect nor superfluitie. He is none of those that build vast kitchins, but cold: spacious ouens, but emptie: gaudie & himnies, but smokeles. He is none of those that raise proud turrets, and ample chambers, with Peripateticall galleries, till their purses lye speechles, and they become right housekeepers. What doth he then? Mary he vseth the best method, beginning *à notioribus natura*, with the barne and kilne, and in tract of time erectes a worthy house to the relieuing of needy visiters.

To take leaue of this point: he spends nothing on gorgeous aray, the tel-tale of vanitie: nor vpon frolicking, the immediat predecessor to *Venerie*: but hath his purse in a string, and keepes a *decorum* in his actions.

*In such sort and time as he ought.*] For benignitie must be correspondent to the giuer's ability. Of all, and of all he lookes to this, that himselfe be not drawen drie, lest too late, he sigh forth a booke *de tristibus* pester'd with such like verses, *Tempus erat quando poterā placuisse rogāt;*  
*Hei mihi quod non est.*

Wherefore he euer forecasteth, and remembreth that *Dor non dicuntur*.

Furthermore, he perfourmeth his action with deliberation, aduisedly, prudently, chearefully, and for the right ende: For *Liberalitie* consisteth not in the quantitie of the giste, but in the minde of the Giuer. Finally, hee is neuer Practitioner when hee is inuironed  
with



## The meane in Spending.

with eies: for that is ostentation, and ranke poyson to this vertue. Go too now, were I a *Theophrast*, or *Marcus Tully*, that golden Trump of eloquence, yet should I come short in commending the *Liberall*. O heauenlie mind that esteemes golde as *Quick siluer*, and *Brimstone*, scorning to be vassalliz'd by an *Indian Excrement*. Who keepes open house, and open purse: regarding others, and yet not neglecting himselfe, vpholding others, and yet himselfe not vnder. Surely so healthfull a planner, that blesteth his inferiours with his influence, in spite of *Enue* and *Tyme* shall purchase immortallitie. There is a two-fold threed will bring thee out of the *Laborinth* of vice to *Beneficence*.

First, thou must indeuour to auoyde that vice, which is most opposite to it.

Then, thou must marke to which of the vices thou art most inclined by nature, and frame thy selfe to the contrarie.

Now step I ouer to the Spend-all, who consuming his *Patrimonie*, kills himselfe with kindnesse: & this yonger is rather to be pittied for his follie, than condemned out of measure for his fault. This vnthrif is onely *Pro nunc* (as *Iauell* saies) neuer prognosticating, vnlesse on this wise.

The first day merrie weather. The second and third vnmasked heauens. The fourth and fift, weather indeed. Full moone on Munday the sixt, limpid ayre. The seuenth, eighth, ninth, and tenth, neuer such trim weather since king *Richard* rid naked to *Leicester*. The eleuenth, and twelfth, dame *Earths* haire waxes long. The thirteenth, the sunne sheades his beames most radiantly. The foureteenth & fifteenth the may-bird sings plain-song lustily. The sixteenth, and seuenteenth, weather, weather, weather, fine weather, wished weather. And thus,



## The meane in Spending.

thus, regardless of fleete, blacke frosts, tempests, thunderclaps, eclipses, after a while, like the *Optative Moode*, he hath evermore an Aduerbe of wishing ioyned with him. If he meete his mistresse, he haies her to the Iuybush, and at first dath cries out, Drawer, fil a quarte of thy most vendible claret. His braine heated, the corruption of one pot is the generation of another. Then coupleth he lippes with his make, and threatens downfall to the chamber. And when his purse is corke-light he thus triumphs ouer her.

*Dicite Io Peacocks, & Io his dicite Peacocks:* (as though he meant *Io* the cow mentioned in *Ouids Cronicles*, and her vigilant keeper, whose hundred eyes were sette in the Peacocks taile:) Euen so the good muckel-cock, whē he hath shewed all the kindnesse to his hen that hee can, crows and clappes his wings, and is lighter by an ounce at the least. Ne wil he take heede of the *Identicall sea*, called *Item*, and *Item*, till he be vppon the mercilesse rocke, named *Summa totalis*. Alacke for pittie that the best wittes and kindest natures are most addicted to this good vice. Well, howsoeuer it be blameable, yet in some part it agreeth with *Liberalitie*, and by Age and Want may soone be brought to mediocritie. *Themistocles* was such an vngracious wag, and so franke, that his father disinherited him, and his mother despairing of his amend, made a long letter of her selfe. Yet in processe of time he was not the man: for he left his by-ways, and grew to singular account with the weale-publike. *Fabius* was a wilde youth, yet in his best time a man of good stuffe. This so, no doubt but the kind-hearted gentleman may descend to the mean, which shall in short time be effected: if for a time he strue to bee miserable. Not for a *Persian mountaine* would I amplifie this poynte anye more: for I think each *Now* an houre, till I be at the in-

G

durate



## The meane in spending.

durate Button-capt *Encho*. As this churle sauiours of nothing but earth, so hath he a down-looke. His neighbours maide cannot fetch fire, but he thinks his pelfe is gone with her. His cocke cannot scratch for a corne, but he feares his coyne will be digged vp. Where he is, there he is not, where he is not, there he is, for his mind is amongst his siluer. He is houely raking vp substance, and yet not for himselfe.

*Saye, not for your selues, O oxen, beare the yoke.*

What more monstrous then that money should beget mony? yet he neuer quiet, but when his coyne is ingendering. At night his eyes see no sleepe, or if they do, it is momentarie, for at euerie minute he gruntles like a ringle-tailde hog. So that that shoo will fit his foote, which the peerelesse Poet gaue *Dido* when shee was loue-sicke

*Nec unquam,*

*Soluitur in somnos, oculisue, aut pectore noctem*

*Accipit : ingeminant cura.*

A *Midas* call slaue, that had his trunks full of bagges, and his bagges full of baggage, kept but one boy, who was his cooke and bedfellow. The wretch at midnight by chance fell asleepe, and dreamed that a theefe with twentie sorts of keyes in his hand, was about the lock of his wel beloued container. Affright, he start vp, crying out amaine.

*Ferte cui fustem, date telum, expellite furem.*

And to laide about him, that he made his bedfellow full fat. The next day waxed olde, and the sun was giuing light to our vnderlings, when the master and man beganne to yeelde to *Morphew*. The boy dreamed and would haue sworne he had beene pined, in somuch that he exclaimde:

*Ferte cite panem, date crustum, expellite famem.*

and



## The meane in Spending.

and supposing one had thrown him a manchet, he light vpon his masters *gnomon*, dilacerating it most curiously, so that euer since he is knowne by his torne nose.

No matter if all vsurers were so vsed. So vsed by *Sith* I sweare, were I a Iudge, they should all and euerie of them be turnde off roundly, to the great indangering of their neck-bones. Certes *Auarice* is a capitall plague, a swallowing gulfe, a bottomlesse hell, the greatt euill that the diuell can shuffle into a countrey. Where the *Spleene* is bigge, the bodie is little, where this mischiefe increaseth, vertue is in a consumption, O what a rotten taile of euils doth this leane beast draw after her. Hence is it that the fatherlesse hath not his hunger quailed, while the mouse and weeuell pamper themselves in the garner. Hence is it that the Clients purse is neuer lesse full than when full. Hence it is that the tenth sheafe is scarce the tenth part of the ninth, or at the least, the least in the companie. Hence it is that one and the selfe same dish, shewes it selfe on one and the selfe same table, til it be either gray-headed, or vide *Aristotelem de generatione Animalium*. Hence it is that the dunce hides his butter-teeth in bacon, while the approoued scholler pickes marrow out of a Spade-bone. Hence it is that the farmer deales with his daughter, as he does with his hecfa in the market, he that will giue most for her, take her. In summe, hence it is that such a number of money-men ride continually to hell in wheele-barrowes. Who lists to reade *Demea* his repentance in *Adelphi*, shall see as in a mirrour, the cursed fruits of *Illiberalitie*. This carle, who a long time had beene *ille agrestia, sauius, tristis, parcus, truculentus, tenax*, (for so he speaketh of himselfe to himself) on a sodain becomes a *Micio*. The reason, *Misericordia fugit, meam mortem expectant*. Lo here the guerdon of too much neerensse, here is the misers seruing-man.



## *The meane in Spending*

Money came in by law, not nature, and was inuented for the easie supplie of mens seuerall necessities. O then, would not he be doone to some exquisite death, that keepes it in close prison till one peece infects another? *Crassus* thirsting after gold, hadde his scull filde with lead. *Aquilus* gaping after wealth, had gold powdered into his mouth. Pittie but all misers should haue some such *Catastrophe*.

There is no remedie for this disease, no electuarie, no pill, no potion can purge it: the onely way to helpe it, is to gette some Suppositorie fellow to blowe

Pindust into his bumme. And thus, though rudely, haue I plaid the Summister.

**FINIS.**

*Nam cur me verberas?*





